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MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1930

WHOLE No. 627

## To be published in the spring THIRD LATIN BOOK

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## THE ART OF TERENCE<sup>1</sup>

Like Juvenal's Satires my essay is inspired, at least in part, by indignation. Professor Gilbert Norwood, in a little book, entitled *The Art of Terence* (Oxford, Blackwell, 1923<sup>2</sup>), has boldly exalted the merit of Terence as a dramatist beyond all reasonable limits, it seems to me, and in so doing has belittled the hilarity of Plautus and neglected or denied the merits of the Greek New Comedy, in particular those of Menander. The moment seems opportune, in view of this attack, for a reinforcement of the traditional attitude toward Terence. Modern critics have pretty consistently held that he is less original and possesses less verve than Plautus, and that in adapting the Greek comedies of Menander and Apollodorus he permitted to evaporate from them much of their evanescent charm, blurring the strokes of character-drawing and unskillfully manipulating the plots until the result is stogy and artificial. He has, however, the merit of exhibiting a purified Latin style and of punctuating his plays with noble sentiments calculated to win the applause and approval of an audience that liked to have its morality and its humanity inserted like plums in a pudding and easily recognizable.

The ancient critics who best support my thesis are Aulus Gellius, Quintilian, and Julius Caesar. Gellius, in a well-known passage (2.23.1-22), remarks that, however good a Latin comedy may seem when it is read in isolation, the best Latin comedy appears faded and decrepit in comparison with its Greek original. He illustrates his point by comparing with passages of Menander's *Ploium* the corresponding verses of Caecilius, and proves his case, I think. His criticisms are admirable: what Menander took straight from life and human nature, sincere, genuine, and delightful (illud Menandri de vita hominum media sumptum, simplex, et verum, et delectabile), is, he says, somehow missing from Caecilius. When Menander depicts a good slave listening at the door to the groans and the outcries of his master's daughter, who is giving birth to an illegitimate child, the slave's successive emotions of alarm, anger, suspicion, pity, and grief are depicted with marvellous poignancy and clarity; Caecilius blunts and blurs them all and deprives the situation of the interest and charm that it had in Menander. Terence was sixth among Latin writers of comedy and Caecilius first, according to the rating of Vulcacius Sedigitus as reported by Aulus Gellius (15.24), so that we should expect the criticism of Gellius to apply to Terence with even greater force. That this is the case is clear from a comparison of the fragmentary plays of Menan-

der with the work of Terence. The later poet succeeds no better than Caecilius in rendering the delicate play of emotion that is found in Menander's scenes. Nor does he or anyone else before Shakespeare rival Menander's ability to take scenes from common life and by the magic of his genius invest them with interest and charm.

Quintilian, interested though he is in upholding the dignity of Latin letters in competition with Greek, nevertheless concedes (10.1.99-100) the weakness of Latin comedy. 'We are most deficient in comedy', he says, and, when he goes on to speak of Terence, he practically damns him with praise of his elegance, which applies, apparently, to style alone. To Quintilian, Roman comedy is at best but a pale shadow of the Greek. Compare his praise of Menander (10.1.69) as alone sufficient for the reading of the future orator, so complete is his picture of life, so abundant his invention, so eloquent his style, so versatile his treatment of situation, character, and emotion.

We come now to Caesar. His apostrophe of Terence as a half-Menander<sup>3</sup> followed by the statement that Terence's lack of *vis* (not *vis comica*) prevents his achieving equal rank with the Greek writers of comedy, is a well-known moot-point of Terentian criticism<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>3</sup>Caesar's words *dimidiatus Menander* may be rendered also by 'half a Menander', 'Menander reduced by half', 'Menander half-way', 'one half of Menander', or 'Menander cut in two', if by this last rendering we understand a Menander diminished by half. What it does not mean, *pace* Professor Norwood (page 141, note 2), is 'a Menander in two sections'. Aulus Gellius's discussion of *dimidiatus* (3.14) is, to be sure, somewhat puzzling if one does not study his examples. But he gives no example that could possibly justify Professor Norwood's interpretation. Varro's *dimidiatus liber* is half a book. A *dimidiatus scyphi* is 'one half of a <material> cup', *dimidium scyphi* is 'a half-cupful' or 'half a cup' (cup is here a unit of measure). One must say for a half-part, i.e. a part which amounts to half, *dimidia pars* (not *dimidiata pars*: that would mean 'half a part'). The *dimidiatus porcus* of Lucilius is not 'a pig in two sections', but 'a half-pig', for the words are used as an illustration of something possessing one eye and two feet. A half-hour can be either *dimidiata hora*, *dimidia pars horae*, or, since the hour is something measured, *dimidium horae*, but not *dimidia hora*. Cato's *dimidiatus digitus* is certainly not 'a finger in two sections' but 'half a finger-length'; his men whom the Carthaginians buried *dimidiatos* were not in two sections, but were buried half-way or to the middle. So a *dimidiata luna* is a half-moon (Cato in Pliny, *Natural History* 16.75), and a *dimidiatus mensis* (Cicero, *In Verrem* 2.2.52) is half a month. Gellius's statement may be summed up thus. The adjective *dimidia* is used only with *pars*; *dimidiatus* is used with a word denoting the whole of anything halved to designate half of that whole; *dimidium* with the genitive is used for the measured or numbered half of a mass or group whose parts are not differentiated. (It is not used for the half of a material object like the moon or a cup which keeps its shape; in that case *dimidiatus* is used, whether the object is or is not actually separated into parts). Professor Norwood's statement that 'a half-Menander' would be *dimidium Menandri* is mistaken. This would mean, if anything, the other half, i.e. the missing half which is required to make Menander complete. Compare Horace, *Carmina* 1.3.8 *serves dimidium animae meae*.

<sup>4</sup>See Suetonius, *Life of Terence* (§5, end, The Loeb Classical Library text). I quote Caesar's words:

Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiata Menander, pones, et merito, puri sermonis amator, Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adiuncta foret vis, comica ut aequato virtus polleret honore cum Graecis neve hac despectus parte iaceres! Unum hoc maceror ac doleo tibi desse, Terenti.

I call attention here to my article, *The Genius of Menander*, *The Quarterly Review* 496.353-367 (April, 1928); in this I include an estimate of Menander. On this is based to some extent my criticism of Terence. The article has been reprinted in my book *Menander: Three Plays* (Routledge, London; Dutton, New York, 1929), as Chapters 1 and 5, pages 1-13, 113-128.

<sup>1</sup>This paper was read at the Twenty-Second Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Princeton University, May 18-19, 1928.

<sup>2</sup>For a review of this book see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 19.92-94. C. K. >.

Since Caesar's criticism is an excellent stepping-stone to a consideration of the qualities of Terence, it is worth while pausing to consider what Caesar meant by *vis*. It is not necessary to acquiesce in Professor Norwood's dictum (141) that "... Caesar must be set down as the worst of critics". It is obvious that there are frequent changes of fashion in the field of critical terminology. An eighteenth-century critic might well have said that Terence's style was excellent, but that he was lacking in invention. We do not nowadays speak of invention; we might accuse Terence of being deficient in liveliness, or energy, or vitality, or élan, or brio, or gusto, or animation, of having no dynamic quality, of being flaccid, or feeble, or effete, or over-refined, of lacking fire, of not pressing his points home, or of being wishy-washy. No critical term, however, is half so enlightening as it ought to be, unless the critic specifies quite definitely what he means by it and illustrates his meaning by examples. In Caesar's case we have to supply the examples ourselves, and it is a necessary preliminary to establish the meaning of *vis* which he probably had in mind and which would have suggested itself to his contemporaries.

Now *vis* means 'force', but not necessarily brute force. When Lucretius uses that oft-repeated, almost magical expression, *vivida vis animi*, it is a creative force, almost a spiritual force, to which he refers. Cicero employs the expression *vis ingeni* (Philippics 5. 49) when he laments that Caesar wasted his very great genius on radical foolishness (omnem vim ingeni, quae summa fuit in illo, in populari levitate consumpsit). He elsewhere (De Oratore 1. 142) speaks of the genius or ability of an orator (*oratoris vis et facultas*) as having five parts. Again, he says that Demosthenes has force as his distinctive oratorical quality (De Oratore 3. 28 *suavitatem* Isocrates, *subtilitatem* Lysias, *acumen* Hyperides, *sonitum* Aeschines, *vim* Demosthenes habent). What force in an orator means to Cicero is explained in another passage where he says that the famous power or quality of inspiration in an orator is shown <not in choosing topics but> in being picturesque, resourceful, and versatile in what he has to say (De Oratore 2. 120: *alterum est in quo oratoris vis illa divina virtusque cernitur, ea quae dicenda sunt ornate copiose varieque dicere*). The fact that *vis* and *virtus* are here synonymous suggests that we are approaching Caesar's meaning, for he uses *virtus* in the line after *vis*, though not as a synonym. In two of the passages quoted from Cicero I have ventured to translate *vis* by the English word 'genius'. In Greek criticism the opposition of *δύναμις* and *τέχνη*, natural genius as against training, is a commonplace, and *vis* or *vis ingeni* is a Latin equivalent of *δύναμις* in this sense. It is quite likely that Caesar had the Greek terms in mind and meant to say that Terence is an artist in words, but lacks genius, the divine force of creative inspiration, which, as Cicero says of Demosthenes, puts color, richness, and variety into a work of art.

<sup>8</sup>See J. Tate's reference to these terms in connection with his discussion of Horace's literary criticism in *The Classical Quarterly* 22 (1928), 71. He refers to Jensen, Philodemos über die Gedichte, Fünftes Buch (Weidmann, Berlin, 1923).

Accordingly I translate this part of Caesar's estimate as follows:

'Would that your work had creative power as well as smoothness of style, so that your excellence as a writer of comedy might rank as high in honor as that of the Greeks and that you might no longer grovel unhonored in respect to this quality'.

This interpretation of *vis* as *vis ingeni* in contradistinction to *ars* and *studium* receives less attention than it deserves from Professor Norwood, for he considers *vis* as equivalent to *vis comica*, though he agrees that, in the Latin of Caesar, *comica* qualifies *virtus*, not *vis*. He limits the possible interpretations of *vis* to two (141):

power, forcefulness, dramatic pungency, as seen in comedy, of whatever type the comedy may be; or that 'comic' force which illuminates and refreshes by means of racy humour and fun in action, the whole plot being a well-constructed joke. . . .

These two kinds of *vis* are typified in Molière and in Aristophanes. Caesar is not thinking of Aristophanic *vis*, for Terence is being compared with Menander, and Menander is anything but Aristophanic. Hence the *vis* that is lacking in Terence must be that of Molière; but in this, says Professor Norwood, Terence is clearly "a master fully equal to Molière. . . ." Now I agree that Molière has plenty of *vis*, but I think that this quality in Menander is very different from what it is in Molière, and I cannot agree that Terence is Molière's equal in anything that could be called dramatic pungency. The Phormio and Les Fourberies de Scapin make comparison easy. The things to be said are much the same in both, but it is Molière who says them *ornate, copiose, varieque*. Yet the Phormio is probably the liveliest of Terence's plays, while Molière wrote many dramas more notable than Les Fourberies de Scapin. Still, Terence has qualities that are lacking in Molière. He is interested in human nature less academically than Molière. The latter's rascal is just a rascal, as his miser is just a miser and his doctors are just doctors and his lovers just lovers. Phormio is a character as Scapin is not; but he falls short of being a personality, not so far short, however, as most of Terence's *dramatis personae*.

Phormio is an old reprobate who refuses to grow up. He abets young men in their carousals and their amours, and relishes their conflicts with parental authority. He comes into his own when sheer downright impudence, knavery, and invention are required to serve the cause of flaming youth. At such times he is a prodigy of industry. That Professor Norwood (77) calls Phormio a "polished creature" illustrates forcibly Terence's lack of *vis*. When all the characters talk the same elegant, undifferentiated, conversational Latin, it is very difficult to picture any of them as unfit for a drawing-room. Dr. Johnson made his little fishes talk like whales; Terence makes his parasites and his Loreleis talk like Cornelia and Sempronius. This partly explains why Professor Norwood speaks of the nobility of Thais (59) and calls Bacchis "this noble and



adorable woman" (102). The truth is that Terence's plays, instead of presenting everyman in his humor, present high and low, sinners and saints in one humor, which may be supposed to be that of Terence himself. People do strange and shocking things in Terence's plays; lovers part, husbands and wives quarrel, sons and fathers disagree, but no situation is too bad for exhibitions of urbanity, nobility, and propriety. Elegance covers a multitude of sins, and crude morals are so smothered in sentiment that a play of Terence seems to have many parts, but only one character, who might well be called Joseph Surface, or the man of sentiment.

I suggest a comparison between Phormio and Falstaff. This is unfair to Terence, but Falstaff will illustrate the kind of comedy that results from sympathetic observation of human nature when that observation is inspired by genius. Now Phormio is such a vague shadow of a character that one critic can picture him as elegant, while to me he is a shameless vagabond. He is not sharply drawn and conspicuous like the characters of Menander. He can be cut to measure and embroidered to suit the taste of the individual critic. There is no mistaking Falstaff. If ever a comic character was depicted *ornate, copiose, varieque*, Falstaff is that character. He is more real than flesh and blood and is obviously the product of *vis*, not *studium*. Furthermore, the *vis* is that of Shakespeare and no one else. Falstaff has all the vitality of a Plautine or an Aristophanic character; in addition, he possesses the sympathetic clarity and consistency which in Menander's characters is combined with a less robust and more civilized interest in life. Falstaff would have to develop along spiritual lines before Menander could give him a leading rôle. Molière would, I am afraid, find Sir John quite unmanageable, for his chief quality is just the one that does not lend itself to dissection, namely life. A dissected Sir John would be a lifeless Sir John, and a lifeless Sir John would not be Sir John at all.

Now it is just as unfair to compare Terence with Molière as to compare him with Shakespeare, for the genius of Molière is employed in a different field from that which attracted Terence. The Latin writer is distinguished by elegance and humanity. His humanity is doubtless derived from Menander, but it has a different flavor. An analogy will indicate the difference. Menander is a flower-garden, rich in blooms, which, though they have their counterpart in nature, are here cultivated with all the resources of art, to the enhancement of their native charm and variety. Everywhere is fragrance, a diffused sweetness that is universally present but intangible. Terence meanwhile is the bee who industriously gathers and digests the nectar of the flowers and presents it to us in the form of honey neatly packed in combs, concentrated and abstracted for ready consumption with the bread of Roman respectability. Terence's humanity is derived from Menander, but it is a more artificial product. It is readily grasped, but it is no longer, as humanity is in Menander, merely one element in a composite atmosphere of natural charm.

The elegance of Terence on the other hand is his most original trait. It is here that he shows his real genius, for genius of a sort he has, since a pure style is not wholly matter of art. Nevertheless, it would be a bold critic who should write on the genius rather than on the art of Terence, for by genius we mean, as the ancients must have meant by *vis*, the ability to link art with life, so as to make a work of art an interpretation of life, a map to guide the individual through a maze of emotional experience to that vantage-point of the seer from which life is contemplated, above the mists of fear or greed, steadily and whole, as a thing of wonder—sometimes, in Menander for instance, also as a thing of beauty and of satisfaction.

Molière is less a devotee of elegance than Terence is. His servants sin against grammar, a trait that some translators have introduced into their versions of Terence by way of enlivening his work. Molière loves slap-stick, now the crude kind, in which actual cudgels are used, now the verbal, where the retorts fly, now the intellectual, in which argument counters argument, and the opponents represent two different philosophies of life, as in *Le Misanthrope*. Molière's creative force finds its employment in analysis; he educates the emotions by analyzing them and reducing them to absurdity in so far as they conflict with common sense. He is correct rather than elegant; and, instead of humanity, which means sympathetic tolerance of a neighbor's foibles, scruples and self-importance, his quality is civilization or good manners, a quality that puts beyond the pale any manifestation of self-importance not sanctioned by the code of good society. Molière, to be sure, would reform the ordinary code, but his leavening influence embodies a rather unfeeling sense of decency, not, as with Menander, a universal sympathy for the hopes and the fears of mankind. 'How silly some persons are', says Molière; 'Put yourself in his place', says Menander, or, rather, he says nothing, but makes us in spite of ourselves sympathize with the struggles, however absurd, of slaves, of lovers, of selfrighteous young men, and of jealous soldiers, uncouth and wistfully inadequate in love. There is clearly a comic genius which is neither that of Aristophanes nor that of Molière. Each dramatist, like each orator in Cicero's criticism, has his special quality, and Terence belongs to the school of Menander, whose genius is very different from that of Molière or Plautus or Aristophanes.

Still we may distinguish in general two kinds of liveliness that are illustrated in drama. The first is a liveliness of plot such as we get in Molière, which is found also in Plautus and in Aristophanes, in the *Samia* of Menander, and in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. In such a case the spectator's interest is centered on an activity of puppets controlled by the author and dancing to the tune of his fancy. The puppets are too consistent to be human and they illustrate the absurdities of life by doing everything to excess. They inhabit a dream-land of uninhibited action; and quite normal forces, deprived of the checks of ordinary life, result in absurd gyrations that record the creative

impulse of the author, who is merely proving, or pretending to prove, what fools these mortals be.

The second kind of liveliness I find in Menander and in Shakespeare's Falstaff, but not in the other writers, namely, a liveliness in the characters such that they seem to have escaped from their author's brain and to have an existence of their own. They are not abstracted, but have characteristics of real persons that enable us to follow them in imagination behind the scenes and to reconstruct a past and to build a future for them. They have touches of individuality not needed for their parts in the play. They are presented, in other words, in no stiff or jejune fashion, but *ornate, copiose, varieque*, and that, in a dramatist as in an orator, is the mark of creative inspiration or genius. The genius, moreover, that shows itself in the creation and elaboration of characters is much rarer, in ancient times at least, than the genius which displays itself in the elaboration of words or plots or satirical fancies. Homer and Menander have it; so has Sophocles, to some extent. Terence lacked it, as he also lacked the power of creating great original plots and fancies. His plots, as well as his characters, he took from the Greeks, and both lack the elaboration and easy natural touches that are the hall-mark of genius. Menander's people, whether slaves, women, or youths, take themselves seriously. In face of a situation their minds seem to search for the right course of action. They are consciously concerned to accept the responsibility for their acts and to play their part in no abject spirit; they refuse to be creatures of circumstance. Hence liveliness of plot results from strength of character. Daughter stands up to father, mistress to lover, and wife to husband in a way that makes possible real conflicts and a serious working-out of problems. When a play depicts no conflict that permits the spectator to take sides, its dramatic interest is greatly diminished.

But it is high time for me to substantiate my remarks about the absence of creative power in Terence's plots and characters by specific references to his plays and to Menander's. Let us begin with the slaves. Fortunately we have two plays introduced by conversations between slaves, the *Hero* of Menander, and the *Phormio* of Terence. Fortunately again the *Phormio* is adapted, not from Menander but from Apollodorus, so that we are comparing Menander with what is definitely not Menander. In the scene between Davus and Geta at the beginning of the *Phormio* there is no play of emotion, there are no strokes of character-drawing, and the style is not different from that of any other scene in Terence. The plot of the play is disclosed by the device of making Davus ask Geta questions and get in return a statement of the situation. Geta ought to be frightened, but his words betray no excitement. There are the usual sententious remarks. There is, in all conscience, plenty of elegance, but hardly an atom of creative power. In the *Hero* of Menander we have again two slaves, Geta and Davus. Their conversation is lively. The play of emotion is subtly indicated. Davus is in love and shows it in almost every utterance. He is so full of his own feelings

that, though Geta is obviously unsympathetic, he goes on describing the situation. Davus is sensitive and capable of fine feelings. Geta is inclined to take things humorously and represents belligerent common sense. There is a similar contrast between the slaves Syrus and Davus in the *Epitrepontes*, but the individual differences are quite as marked as the general similarity. I will translate the passage from the *Hero*.

*Geta.*—You must have committed some terrible crime, Davus, the way you're all on edge at the prospect of finding yourself grinding in fetters. You give the show away all right. What else can it mean, the way you beat your head so often, the way you stop and tear your hair, the way you groan?

*Davus.*—Oh my, oh my!

*Geta.*—Is it as bad as that, you rascal? Then hadn't you better deposit with me for the present any little hoard that you have scraped together, so as to get it back when you have settled your troubles? I really am sorry for you, you see, you're in such a wretched state.

*Davus.*—That nonsense you're talking hasn't anything to do with me. I'm in a different sort of fix. I'm absolutely desperate. . . .

*Geta.*—How? curse you.

*Davus.*—Please don't curse a man in love.

*Geta.*—What's that? You're in love?

*Davus.*—I'm in love.

*Geta.*—Does your master allow you more than two quarts a day? That's bad, Davus. Likely you dine too well.

*Davus.*—I can't tell you what it makes me feel like to see a girl that lives with us, a nice girl and one in my class.

*Geta.*—She's a slave, then?

*Davus.*—Yes, in a way. You see, there was a shepherd. Tibeius, who lived here in Ptelea, who was a slave in his youth. He had these twin children according to his own account, this Plangon that I'm in love with—

*Geta.*—I see it now.

*Davus.*—And the boy, Gorgias.

*Geta.*—The one that looks after the flocks on our place nowadays?

*Davus.*—That's the one. When the father Tibeius got to be an old man, he had a mina from my master to get food for them, then another, since there was a famine; then he passed out.

*Geta.*—When your master wouldn't give him the third mina, I suppose?

*Davus.*—Perhaps. Anyway when he died, Gorgias took a bit of savings, gave him a funeral and did his duty by him, then came to us here, bringing his sister with him, and is staying on while he works off the debt.

*Geta.*—How about Plangon?

*Davus.*—She helps my mistress working at the wool and waiting on her, a girl, Geta, who's very— Are you laughing at me?

*Geta.*—No, by Apollo.

*Davus.*—A girl, Geta, who's very ladylike and well-behaved.

*Geta.*—But what of you? What are you doing for yourself?

*Davus.*—Nothing underhand, by Heracles, have I attempted. However, I've spoken to my master and he's promised to give her to me, when he's had a talk with her brother.

*Geta.*—Fine work!

*Davus.*—What do you mean, fine? He's been away three months on some concern of his own in Lemnos, and now we're clinging to the same hope, that he'll get back safe from there.

Both Geta's unconcern and Davus's agitated feelings are subtly indicated here. Terence has no slaves with any individuality.

With his young men he was hardly more successful, for, though they may be supposed to be in love, they betray no energy and little feeling, and trust to luck or to the adroitness of their slaves for help. From their actions and their remarks we should never guess that they were seriously in love, unless they happen actually to be saying that they are in love. Menander's characters usually manage to betray their feelings indirectly as well. Needed explanations are provided by observations on the part of other characters. The prologue of the *Phormio* that has just been discussed is followed by the appearance of Antipho, a young man in love with a girl that he has married without his father's consent. His language reeks of worldly wisdom and is as unloverlike as possible. "Suppose I had never won her", he says (159-160), "then I should have fretted for a week or two, but shouldn't have had this daily anxiety catching me at the heart".<sup>6</sup> This is exceedingly moral, but it makes Antipho's passion seem too tame to matter. Unfortunately there is nothing in our Menander with which to compare Antipho's position, for in the fragments that we have there is no example of a young man who has difficulty with his father because of a love affair.

The three plays of Menander of which we do have considerable portions deal with estrangement between husband and wife or between lover and mistress. Demeas in the *Samia*, Polemon in the *Perikeiromene*, and Charisius in the *Epitrepontes* unmistakably betray their love by their actions. Men as overcome with emotion as these because of a woman would probably not have been tolerated on the stage by a Roman audience. The plays of Terence with one exception deal with the difficulties caused by the unwillingness of fathers to abet the love affairs of their sons. The one exception is the *Hecyra*, which accordingly invites comparison with Menander's *Epitrepontes*. It might seem unfair to choose the *Hecyra*, Terence's least successful play, for comparison with Menander's masterpiece, but we have Professor Norwood's word for it (91) that

as a picture of a complication in human life involved, relieved, and disentangled by sheer natural humanity, its every detail based upon a psychology truthful, sympathetic, magnificently courageous and presented with gracious mastery, its pervading sense of urgent reasonableness glowing like a limpid atmosphere—in these virtues our neglected play has stood unsurpassed for twenty-one centuries.

After that we need not hesitate to consider the limitations of the play. In both the *Hecyra* and the *Epitrepontes* occurs the problem of the husband who loves his wife but is estranged from her when he finds that she has been violated before her marriage and has borne an illegitimate child, precisely the situation in Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. In each play the complication is solved by a sort of *deus ex machina* in the person of a courtesan who proves by means of a ring that the husband had been the guilty man. In the *Epitrepontes*, however, the *deus ex machina* helps those who help themselves. In particular the

husband Charisius passes through a real emotional crisis and resolves, before he learns the truth, to champion his wife regardless of prejudice. He is an extremely interesting character, the philosophic young man who thinks himself a model of propriety, but finds that in fact he is a cad in comparison with his wife. Pamphilus in the *Hecyra* is obviously too wishy-washy to arouse great interest. He has a mistress with whom he tries to keep on good terms after his marriage. She snubs him and he finally falls in love with his wife. When he discovers her secret, he is a prey to circumstances. He hems and haws and evades until pure luck delivers him. Surely a playwright should do something more than tell us that a man is in love. He should make him act as if he were in love, and he should do it *ornate, copiose, varieque*. There is nothing wishy-washy about the passion of Romeo and Othello in Shakespeare.

Let us compare next the female characters. The women of the *Hecyra* have been much admired for their sweet reasonableness. The truth is they are so sweet they are stupid. There is no surer way of destroying the interest of a dramatic character than by sacrificing conflict of feelings and play of emotion to a uniform propriety or sweetness; for, though sweetness might possibly hide deep and poignant emotion, yet even in real life people who conceal their emotions with complete success are about as interesting as so many wax dolls. The plot of the *Hecyra* is well worked out and the characters may have been well conceived in the Greek of Apollodorus, but in Terence nothing shows except elegance and propriety. Now to make a play out of elegance and propriety alone is to invite failure. Bacchis may be a noble and adorable woman, as Professor Norwood suggests (85-105, *passim*), but she is depicted on the stage merely as an always unmoved, ever decorous example of goodness exempt from human frailty. If she would only betray some sign of a broken heart or of feeling the snubs of Laches, she might seem real, but her sweet smile and her consciousness of virtue make her quite unbearable. When Phidippus says (772),

On my word such women have no fear of heaven, and heaven, I think, has no regard for them,

Bacchis replies, (773-776),

Here are my maidservants; I give you leave to use any torture on them in your inquiry. Our present business is this: I have to make Pamphilus' wife return to him: if I succeed I have nothing to regret in the reputation of standing alone as having done what other women of my class studiously avoid.

The imperturbable smugness of this speech might have been avoided if Terence had only let someone else praise Bacchis, but it is his way to try to indicate character by such self-revelation as this, which succeeds only in eliminating character completely.

It is somewhat difficult to compare Menander's women with Terence's, for in our fragments of Menander we have, purely by accident, only young women at all adequately represented, whereas in Terence the matrons show to best advantage. Chrysis, who is Demeas's mistress in Menander's *Samia*, is too much

<sup>6</sup>The translations of Terence are taken from the version in The Loeb Classical Library.



the sport of circumstance to have an opportunity of showing her quality. In the scene, however, where, she is being ordered from the house by Demeas, who thinks he has proof of her misconduct, but has resolved to keep the scandal secret, her consciousness of innocence and her resolute attempt to make the best of the situation are well depicted. Sweet reasonableness would be out of place. She simply makes the best fight she can with practically no resources at all.

In the *Epitrepontes* Habrotonon the harp-girl and Pamphila the wife would never win, one her freedom, the other her husband's abject surrender in a fury of repentance and love, if they had merely the quality of sweet reasonableness. Habrotonon acts with skill and decision to mold the situation to her own ends. She acts, not, like Bacchis in the *Hecyra*, with no obvious motive except to furnish a model of propriety for others of her class, but because she is almost fiercely intent on raising herself to something better. She is thoroughly dissatisfied with her position and displays a power of personality that far surpasses in seriousness and charm the apologetic politeness and gravity of Thais and Bacchis in Terence. Ladylike and modest courtesans are possible in fiction, but they are rather obviously fictitious. In real life such an attitude would amount to selfstultification, and that is something that no dramatist has a right to demand of his characters, even in the interest of propriety. Personality means essentially the quality of selfdirection, which carries with it an implicit belief in one's own importance and in the right to lead one's own life. If you take from a character the impulse to justify himself, you deprive him of his essential personality. Pamphila also in order to win her husband back faces her father with a spirit and a dignity almost unique in ancient literature.

In the *Perikeiromene* we have Glycera, who suffers an outrage. Her impetuous soldier-lover in a fit of jealousy cuts off her hair. Now the sweet reasonableness of Thais to Chaerea in the *Eunuchus*, when he has been guilty of a much greater outrage, moves the admiration of Professor Norwood (58). I much prefer the 'spunk' with which Glycera defends her right to live her own life and to be treated with respect. She has a spirit that will not submit, and there are significance and charm in her character because she is capable of indignation, resentment, and resolution in her own cause. The characters of Terence are passively good, those of Menander are alive.

The siege scene in the *Eunuchus* is like the siege scene in the *Perikeiromene*, but of course Menander puts far more animation into the struggle. There is in Menander no sweet reasonableness either in the captain or in his sergeant; the result is something a good deal more like a fight. The solution of Terence's play is a little too sweetly reasonable even for Professor Norwood's taste (64). It is arranged that Thais should have two lovers, one to satisfy her heart, one to fill her pocketbook, just the solution that struck Manon Lescaut as eminently wise. It will be noted that Terence's lover is more reasonable than the Abbé Prévost's; consequently everyone is happy in the end except the critic who has exalted the art of Terence

and the virtue of Thais. The ordinary reader's comment is likely to be, 'Well, if the young man is no more in love than that, why the excitement?' The lover of Manon is interesting just because his actions make the force of his passion appear as a thing too real for trifling.

It would be an easy task to continue pointing out the false notes and ineptitudes in Terence, but it would also be an ungrateful task, for Terence did his best and deserves to have that best appreciated for what it is; such appreciation is impossible, as Aulus Gellius found, if we compare him with Menander. The kind critic will institute no such comparison. Professor Norwood himself (4, 142) indicates the reason why Terence is not dramatically interesting, namely, that his style, his situations, and his characters are monotonous. Contrast Menander's versatility as noted by Quintilian (10.1.69). The truth is that, if men are to forget themselves, they must have, in the words of Mr. A. E. Housman<sup>7</sup>, "liquor, love, or fights". There is plenty of the inspiration that resembles intoxication in Aristophanes, in Plautus, and even here and there in Menander. Terence lacks it. Love in Terence's men and women alike is quenched in sweet reasonableness. One is reminded of the definition of good society as that society which could not possibly furnish a subject for poetry. Sweet reasonableness is certainly incompatible with the passionate affection for women that is felt like a ground-swell in all the work of Menander. Love and liquor, therefore, failing us, there remains the possibility of a fight. There are many good fights in tragedy. We have for instance the fight of a man with fortune inimitably depicted in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. The fact that Oedipus goes down fighting contributes most to the fascination of the beholder. Another kind of fight is depicted in Shakespeare's great tragedies, not the conflict of man with his environment but the moral conflict within the soul that rages inside a Macbeth or an Othello. This sort of conflict is also found in Menander's *Epitrepontes*, where Charisius is torn between the demands of conventional morality and his love for his wife and as a result of his experience is renewed and ennobled. Something of the same sort happened to the soldier-lover in the *Perikeiromene*. There was again almost certainly some crisis of remorse and reform in the hero of Menander's *Eunuchus*, where it is easy to see that Terence in his adaptation has eliminated any such moral dignity from the behavior of Chaerea<sup>8</sup>. Only

<sup>7</sup>Last Poems, 10 (New York, Henry Holt and Company, 1922).

<sup>8</sup>Professor Norwood (61-63) himself takes exception to Chaerea's behavior in some scenes of the *Eunuchus*. Professor Casper J. Kraemer, Jr., has ably entered the lists in defense of Terence on this score (*The Classical Journal* 23 [1928], 662-667). I think he is right in his statement of Chaerea's character. A genius, however, would depict an important character so vividly and abundantly that there would be no mistaking him. Compare Romeo for instance. Terence's work is not that of a great creative genius; he produces often the sort of thing that we find in the English comedy of manners, where genuine emotion must be disguised as inelegant. Sophistication, which means an elaborate pretense of feeling only such enthusiasms as are sanctioned by the current fashion, together with a flippant attitude toward the fundamental emotions and virtues in general, takes the place of natural feeling. A man may well in some moods prefer this sort of play. In fact, sophistication has its share of homage at the present time; many of us have enjoyed the superficial wit of Frederick Lonsdale and others. But, after all, the great writer is the writer with insight into human nature and power to depict it *ornate, copiose, variegue*. We do not get this in sophisticated comedy or in detective stories; hence, no matter how clever they are, they are usually of epe-



in Aeschines of the *Adelphi* (679) among Terence's characters is there a hint of such a crisis; even in his case it is only a hint, which is not worked out *ornate, copiose, varieque*. Such moral conflicts are, however, preeminently tragic, not comic, and it is worth noting that we do not find any significant examples of that sort in the comedies either of Molière or of Shakespeare.

What we do have a right to expect in comedy is a less tragic sort of conflict, that, namely, which is provided by the opposition of contrasting characters and incompatible interests. It may of course be found in tragedy as well as in comedy. Sophocles enlivens the *Electra* and the *Antigone* by the contrasted personalities of the heroines' sisters. In the *Philoctetes* we have contrasted the crafty Odysseus and the honest, impulsive Neoptolemus. Sophocles, moreover, provides a conflict of principle with principle in the scene of the *Antigone* where the heroine opposes Creon's authority in the name of a higher law; this conflict of principles gives the play its greatest moment. In Molière such oppositions occur so continually that no one can fail to see that they are the foundation of his dramatic art. Molière's sure instinct is shown by the fact that his scenes are never dull. To secure such conflict of interest you must have characters who are unreasonable because they know what they want and mean to get it, who are so interested in what they are doing that they have no time to stop and comment on their own acts or to make sententious remarks. The *Phormio* of Terence has a certain liveliness just because there is in this play a real contest between *Phormio* and the old men. *Phormio* enlivens every scene in which he appears and the plot accordingly answered very well the purpose of Molière when he adapted it in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. I am inclined to think that in his criticism of the plot of this play Professor Norwood (81) is for once a little unfair to Terence.

Aside from the *Phormio* the only really dramatic play of Terence is the *Adelphi*, and here we have a conflict of principles, of two different methods of education. The *Adelphi* is for this reason the best and the most significant of the plays of Terence. Nevertheless I have not used it to illustrate the art of Terence, because its virtues are typically Menandrian, and the touches that are known to be Terence's own are not improvements. He has probably blunted the interest of the play in more than one respect. The way to present a conflict of principles so as to interest the spectator is illustrated by Molière in *L'École des Maris*, where one has no choice but to take sides with the dramatist and to rejoice in the ultimate triumph

meral and local interest. Sophistication is not the whole of anyone's life, and to depict the sophisticated youth is to miss altogether decided marks of individual character. It is to abandon inspiration for cleverness. Of course such criticism as this of mine is necessarily very personal. To amuse an audience is as legitimate as to arouse it, but it somehow seems to me to be on a lower plane. One tires of sophistication in time, and no doubt it interferes with many pleasures, among them the pleasure of appreciating great literature.

<We have a like conflict in the *Hautontimoroumenos*. The theme of that play and of the *Adelphi* is *How Not to Bring Up a Son*, or, in other words, *How Not to Be a Father*, *How Not to Be a Son*. C. K.>

of the good cause. If we may guess from Menander's other works what his *Adelphi* was like, we may say that in this play he worked out to the end the conflict between the theories of education held by Micio and Demea. Menander would naturally take sides with the cause of freedom and sympathy. In Terence's *Adelphi* the conflict becomes meaningless because both boys turn out to be equally corrupt in morals and equally good at heart. Either Terence conscientiously refused to favor either side or else the conflict failed to interest him. Whatever the reason, the play is less effective dramatically than it might be.

Here I bring to a close this sketch of the possible charges against Terence. His virtues have been pointed out by Professor Norwood, and I have not pretended to do them justice<sup>10</sup>. Suffice it to say that Terence wrote three plays with well-constructed plots, the *Phormio*, the *Hecyra*, and the *Adelphi*, and that there are many good jokes in his plays, while quotable comments on human life are still more numerous. Nevertheless none of these factors is enough to make a play great. The plot of *Hamlet* was not enough until Shakespeare had worked it out *ornate, copiose, varieque*. On the modern stage, moreover, a play that abounds in verbal wit and epigrams is usually recognized as a weak play that has had to be bolstered up with lines calculated to bring down the house. Jokes and sententious remarks can be taken from any source, polished up, and inserted anywhere. The famous remark, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto* (*Hauton* 72), was apparently much more pointed in Terence than in the original Greek, and there is every reason to believe the story that it was applauded by the audience, for the construction of Terence's plays is enough in itself to prove that his chief concern was to produce such polished bits of philosophy. His audience must have relished such things or he would not have provided them at the expense of truth and charm in character and plot. On this subject Professor Norwood justly remarks (151) that Terence "is one of the few writers whose sententiousness we can not merely tolerate but enjoy..." The explanation is simple. Since we never get absorbed in the story of the play, we are delighted to stop and relish the beauties by the way that Terence so generously pro-

<<sup>10</sup>I think Professor Post has been very unjust to Terence. In my editorial handling of Professor Post's paper I pointed out to him that he was distinctly unfair to Terence in condemning him for allowing Pamphilus in the *Hecyra* to be the mere "prey to circumstances" (see page 125, column 2, toward the end of the long paragraph beginning "The three plays of Menander"), and then, shortly thereafter, excusing the feebleness of Chrysis in Menander's *Samia*, by saying "Chrysis... is too much the sport of circumstance to have an opportunity of showing his quality". This looked to me, I pointed out, and it still looks to me like special pleading: "Menander, if he is right, Menander if he is wrong". To this Professor Post replied as follows: "A shrewd criticism!" He defended himself as follows: "The *Samia* is a farce. In a farce the humor depends on the plot and the characters are more or less puppets. Perhaps I should not have cited it here. Still there are circumstances which leave no possibility of action, and other circumstances which are not crushing. Chrysis cannot possibly help herself more than she does, while Pamphilus had the same opportunity as Charisius to show his feelings".

I am not convinced that Professor Post has shown us what Caesar meant by his criticism of Terence. I am always suspicious of an "argument" based on "probably", "this must be the meaning" (compare the German way of arguing: "vielleicht", "wahrscheinlich", "wir haben schon oben bezeugt"). We cannot prove merely by Cicero's use of *uis* what Caesar meant by that word. C. K.>

vides. His art is the art of polishing expressions and providing them with an artificial setting.

Terence in this is like Sallust, whose method was to cull from various sources in Greek literature notable thoughts, which he thereupon rephrased with consummate art in the form of terse and polished epigrams and inserted more or less at random in his writings. Both Terence and Sallust have, however, that grave fault which Caesar noted; they lack the creative force to bring their art into relation with life. To do this they would have had to seize the significance of their subject matter and to make their art the expression of a philosophic vision, true and sincere, of the life which they describe and at the same time an expression of their own creative function in that life. As a stylist Sallust could better Thucydides just as Terence could better Menander. As a historian Sallust is negligible. He does not seek to understand men and events or to get at the truth about them. He polishes his phrases and makes the men and events fit them as well as they can. In the same way Terence is not concerned with truth. He writes plays, not to present the life of man as he sees it, but as a frame for the sententious remarks which he had the art to remodel to suit the Roman taste. If we are to make a distinction between art and genius, it must be this, that a genius takes the technique which for the mere craftsman is an end in itself and makes it the vehicle for expressing hard-won truth full of the richness of human emotion. Terence is a craftsman but not a genius. Caesar was right. It is *vis ingeni* that is lacking in Terence.

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#### CLASSICAL ARTICLES IN NON-CLASSICAL PERIODICALS

##### IV

American Historical Review—January, The Tribute Lists and the Non-Tributary Members of the Delian League, Allen B. West [the purpose of the paper is "to reexamine in the light of the so-called Athenian tribute lists the ancient evidence for the acceptance of tributary status by such members of the Delian League as had originally agreed to furnish ships for the allied fleet". In conclusion, the author writes thus: "the tribute lists, as they now stand, enable us to state with considerable probability that the loyal islands which possessed ships at the time of Salamis entered the league on a non-tributary

basis and did not commute their obligations until after the treasury had been moved to Athens"]; Review, favorable, by Harold N. Fowler, or P. V. C. Baur and M. I. Rostovtzeff, The Excavations at Dura-Europos; Review, favorable, by Grant Showerman, of Samuel B. Platner, A Topographical Dictionary of Ancient Rome; Review, mildly favorable, by Tenney Frank, of Eugène Albertini, L'Empire Romain; Review, generally favorable, by Herbert Wing, Jr., of M. L. W. Laistner, A Survey of Ancient History to the Death of Constantine; Review, generally favorable, by H. N. Fowler, of Jules Herbillion, Les Cultes de Patras avec une Prosopographie Patréenne; Review, generally favorable, by James F. Willard, of Cesare Poligno, Latin Thought During the Middle Ages; Review, generally favorable, by Robert P. Blake, of Stephen Runciman, The Emperor Romanus Lecapenus and his Reign: A Study of Tenth-Century Byzantium.

Hibbert Journal—January, Review, favorable, by Lawrence Solomon, of G. M. Sargeant, Classical Studies.

Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society—April (1929), The Use of Wine in Roman Medicine According to Celsus, Earl Le Verne Crum.

Illustrated London News—January 4, A Superb 'Unknown' and Other Discoveries: 'Finds' in Albania [a brief article, with six illustrations, on "the excavations lately carried out at Bouthrintus (Butrinto; the ancient Bouthrotus) by the Italian Archaeological Mission in Albania, under the direction of Dr. Luigi Ugolini"]; January 18, The "Crown" of our Chief Roman Monument Given to the Nation: The Finest Fort on Hadrian's Wall [a brief article, with a good map and eight illustrations, dealing with the *castellum* at Housesteads (ancient Borcovicium or Borcovicus) in Northumberland, near Hexham.]

Saturday Review of Literature—December 21, Review, favorable, unsigned, of Robert Byron, The Byzantine Achievement; January 18, Review, generally favorable, by Anne C. E. Allinson, of Gertrude Atherton, Dido: Queen of Hearts; Review, generally favorable, unsigned, of M. Cary and E. H. Warmington, The Ancient Explorers; February 1, Review, favorable, by Paul Shorey, of William N. Bates, Euripides: A Student of Human Nature. South Atlantic Quarterly—January, Review, generally favorable, by Katherine Gilbert, of Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, The Son of Apollo [a book on Plato].

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